

# The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19  
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. I

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1919

No. 9



## CHIMNEY ROCK

*Chimney Rock—thou gray and seamy  
monolith,  
Undaunted by tempests of ages past,  
Still rear thyself, a lofty monument,  
In the mould eternal nature cast.*

*Towering eleven score feet high,  
Majestic, though jagged and worn,  
Supreme in thy rugged might,  
The Blue Ridge thy grandeur adorn.*

—S.L.P.



**W**E are handling a good many of the Soldiers'  
Accounts, and we will Welcome  
Your Business.



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EDWIN L. RAY, *President*  
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*  
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Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

## AT YOUR SERVICE!

We give special attention to the banking needs of  
officers, enlisted men and nurses of the U. S. Army.

Your inquiries as to how we may serve you will be  
welcome.

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# The OTEEN

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Vol. I.

Saturday, January 4, 1919.

No. 9

A real soldier of the line never felt a compunction about giving his best salute to our leather legged superiors. Frankly the further we go the more we like it, but—

In Asheville there is a youngster's training school, the issues of war having turned it into a training institution for future soldiers. Commendable, surely. These students, the scions of southern wealth, infest the town bedecked in true officers outfits—leather puttees, officers hat-cords, custom made uniforms, dress boots, and greatest of all—shoulder insignias in profusion.

A foreign service man of the 69th, and now of us, stopped one of these "majorly" looking boys and asked what branch of service his three little silver shoulder buttons represented. Light voiced the kid informed him he was divisional commander of 104 men from what sounded like the Dingham Military school.

Our respect and arm goes up to those in real service, yet why should we be embarrassed, and through misunderstanding make light of the real bars, when we're always liable to ludicrously salaam to these youngsters who are still in their R's.

Surely there should be some army regulation that can take care of this condition—and make a marked difference between the toy soldier—and members of the "mans'" army.



In all probabilities the last word most of us heard when the goodbyes were said, and in all likelihood they were tearful, was "Don't forget to write." Many have been back home since—but always the goodbyes linger longest with us. Nobody has entirely forgotten "to write." Yet lots have done the next best thing, or the next worse thing. The days grow into weeks, and before we know it months roll around. This may apply to ourselves, or the folks at home. For we in service write the folks at home often—and to the loved ones at home—drop a word to us here whenever you can—a minute may make a whole day happy. Soldiers are human, and people as a whole are anxious always. Oftentimes when they hear nothing, the worse is assumed.

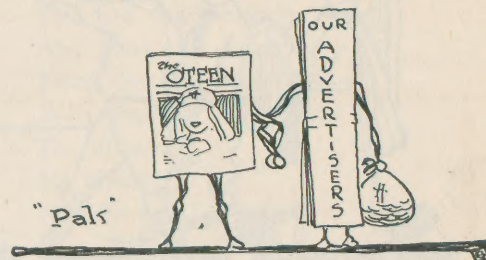
A letter home today tho' it contains but a line, may forestall a month's worry. It is as good as a Liberty Bond ever was—and it accomplished the same purpose—it helps to win the war.



When you're in India, do as Indians do. We of the Army are being sent from pillar to post: most of us readily adapt ourselves to the conditions that abound locally. Some few of us, however, are more or less of a discordant note when continually harping on the merits of our home town—as against the advantages of the place in which the army lottery has thrown us. No set country had the monopoly of all good things. True, there's no town like the "old" town to oneself—but the other fellow may not be of the same mind. Boost, don't knock, if you want to have friends.

Advertising—the means of keeping our grand old country on the hum! Incidentally it keeps The Oteen in the market, please don't forget that! We have asked for a frank statement from many of our advertisers as to their opinion of the value of our advertising. The only real criterion by which they are able to judge is the prevalence of uniforms in their respective shops—invariably they said they are receiving much patronage from those in uniform. That is the ultimate of all advertising—patronage and more of it.

We want our readers not only to read the ads themselves, but to patronize the institutions that advertise with us. We stand back of every ad going into our columns—because they come from the most reliable and worthwhile business houses in and about Asheville. Get into the habit of saying, "I saw it in The Oteen"—and see the better service that comes as a result. We're in to serve our advertisers—and they serve our readers. We're all pals.



Application has been made for a second class mailing rate—which will allow the Oteen to be mailed at the rate of one cent a pound. Permission should be forthcoming before our next issue. Until that time our postmistress asks that we place two cents upon each copy we send—which is the proper charge for our 24-page paper.

★ ★

We've just enough ego to think this is an honest-to-goodness magazine, because the words of commendation far outnumber the "knocks." We need all of both we can get; also we want some good reporters about the camp to write up the events that transpire about camp—if every man felt he was part of this paper we would have little trouble in getting the different phases of our life here recorded in type.

Also, will our contributors be extravagant enough to write their articles on one side of the paper, and if possible have them typewritten. In this way errors will be obviated by the printer—and it will go a great way toward making us a "sure-enough" paper.



OFFICIAL

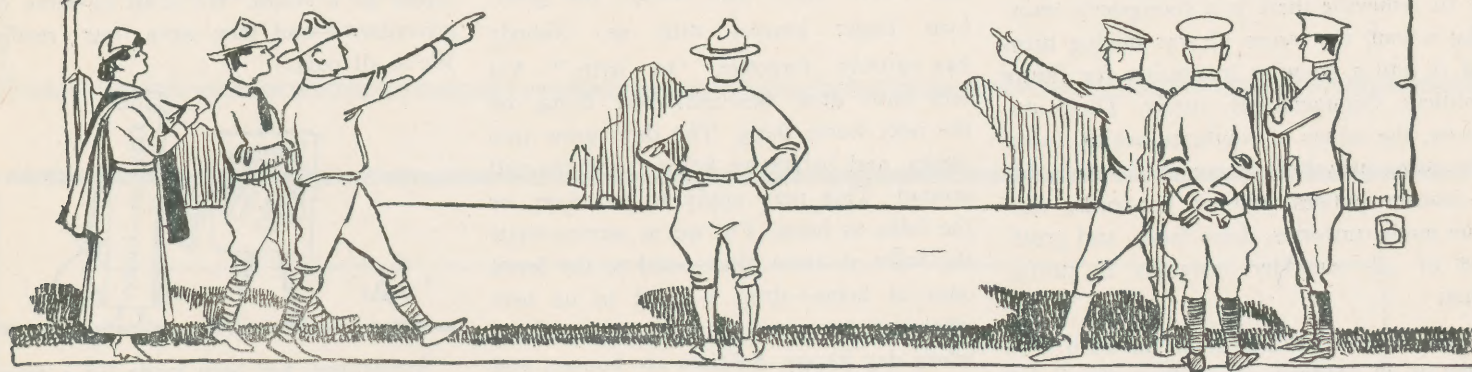
## BULLETIN OF ORDERS

All patients must be kept out doors during the day except at meal hours, and ward doors and windows must be kept wide open except when patients are exposed for examination or treatment. From supper until bedtime, patients may be allowed in heated wards but with ventilation.

Consultations should be encouraged and the names of the participant, with conclusions, recorded on progress sheet and properly signed.

No operation should be performed without consultation with the Chief of the Medical and Surgical Services. There should be a consultation with the Chief of the Medical Service in every case progressing unfavorably.

Ward Surgeons should pay particular attention to the general physical condition of patients with view to correcting any bad habits of posture, eating, etc. Any physical condition which calls for correction will be noted and proper action taken.



## MY OBSERVATIONS OF OTEEN

(Editor's Note.—The writer of this article, whose name cannot be divulged at this time, is a man of national repute in his own sphere. His one great regret was being rejected from the army during the national crisis. He has spent years following the cure, and finds his health far better in this vicinity than in any climate he has tried. His observations, vividly brought out in this article, should prove a substantial lesson to each reader.)

It has been my privilege to visit and study your great hospital and truly I am grateful for that privilege. Never did I dream that science and money could place such wonders at the disposal of great scientists for the treatment of soldier patients and when you find that neither money, rank, race nor color give or keep from any soldier its benefits, you realize that the true spirit of Christ is in the land and that the holiday season this year means more than ever before.

You have asked me to criticise frankly whatever I have found on the reservation, that you may remedy it and make this wonderful institution better serve the needs of our wounded and sick soldier.

I have found that each officer in charge of his particular work knew the weak points of his department better than I did and he was moving heaven and earth to have them remedied. But the weakest points I found were among your patients. They have had too much given them. Had they struggled as I have and as thousands of others, and if they were paying from \$15 to \$50 per week for the privilege of climate, let alone attendance they now have free, they might be able to understand and appreciate some of the wonders of Oteen as I do. Many of your patients with whom I talked even resent being here, and feel toward the institution as though they were confined in prison. They insisted that they were not sick, that if they were they have good homes to which they could go and that when a man feels well he knows better


what is good for him than any doctor could. My heart ached for their youth and their ignorance.

So I am going to tell you patients at Oteen some of the things which I have found out while chasing the cure over this country and what I found during my investigation in your hospital. If this report reaches one single patient and causes him to better appreciate his chances here, to be happier and stay longer in these surroundings, my efforts shall not have been in vain.


I early learned that those patients suffering with consumption who stood the best chance of being cured permanently, never felt sick. They might tire rather easily but they never were sick "unless it was for a little cold last winter." And, my friends, that is why so many people die with this disease. It is not necessary that they should die. All that is necessary is a little intelligent care and freedom from worry and work during these early stages.

(Continued on Page 18).





# CAPS & CAPE



*Conducted by the Nurses*

The brief mention of last week's Oteen hardly did justice to our week of Christmas good-time, so we have asked different groups to express themselves as to the things most enjoyed. First on the list comes "The Dinner," by the well known author of "Rice."

☐ ☐

## CHRISTMAS DINNER

It was Christmas day. Of course we all expected the unexpected, but at noon-time, when we walked into our Mess Hall, well, the Waldorf Astoria, in all its glory could not have taken us more completely by surprise. The Fairies had been there, and the artistic arrangement of fir and pine, the cheerful bells (wedding bells, for all we know), the snowy white linens and blooming plants made a lively picture. Dishes were heaped with fruit and nuts and candies and all was in such a merry holiday array that the grouchiest nurse among us could not help but be glad. Why, even Sam, that most excellent cook, all in starchy white, wore his rare smile and the maids in frills and caps added a touch of good cheer.

The dinner—it's no use, we just can't describe it. Read for yourself the festive green menu card. Now, could you improve it? It tasted even better than it sounds and should you meet Lieutenant Rector, tell him that we all said so—seventy-seven of us. Now, dear editor, add to this, take away, or throw away, but do not say we did not answer the question: What did we nurses think of the Christmas dinner?

—L. H.

☐ ☐

## THANKS

We, as a committee, wish to think Lieutenant Rector for his assistance, in making our parties at the Nurses Red Cross a success. We appreciate his earnest efforts for the pleasure of the A. N. C., and this committee thank him especially for his help for the month of December.

—Entertainment Committee.

We are certainly grateful for permanent passes.

Can you be—all at once

Reasonable

Energetic

Smiling

Orderly

Lady-like

Vivacious

Entertaining

If so, you will be a New Year's resolve.

☐ ☐

Miss Lyon wishes to thank the nurses for their gift at Xmas. The portable electric lamp is always a very helpful bit of furnishing, and especially so here. More than this, their kindness and good will shown their "House Mother," from the day of her arrival until now is truly appreciated.

—G. V. L.

☐ ☐

Cheer up night nurses, even if you are cold and sleep and miss all the dances, you have as an example "The Lady of the Lamp." One of the leading nurses of America has said night duty is the supreme test of a nurse. To be a nurse a woman must be a good night nurse.

—F. M. B.

☐ ☐

"Why so gloomy and sad?"

I had a fearful dream. I thought myself "promoted to a new duty" strange to me. My kindly ward surgeon had vanished and a harsh and pompous stranger eyed me with disapproval. The patients glared at me and—

"But it was only a dream."

"Worse! I'm assigned to night duty too!"

☐ ☐

## A.N.C.

Renders a service no other cause can,  
Elevates the spirits of a wounded man;  
Does all it can for the allies, too,  
Carries a message of love so true;  
Rolls away sorrow that knocks at the door,  
Of many a heart that is wounded and sore;  
Serves all humanity who needs its care,  
Still never tires of doing its share.

—INA KAY HARRISON.

## WOULDN'T IT SURPRISE YOU?

If a nurse was ill  
And she asked you to  
Bring her a tray at noon  
And if you stood in line  
And coaxed Sam for  
The best he had  
Covering it with a  
Clean napkin  
And then you hurried  
To friend Nurses' room  
Expecting a smile  
And thank you  
But you found  
The bed neatly made  
And some one called  
From the next room  
B—s gone to the Langren  
For dinner  
He phoned in  
And she went!

☐ ☐

WANTED—A chaperon to accompany the nurses when going out ambulance driving.

☐ ☐

Many and varied were the gifts which found their way into Barracks No. 2, at this festive season.

☐ ☐

Which is the most popular picture of Florence Nightingale?

Why the one with the lamp, of course.

☐ ☐

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A kiss is always a pronoun because she stands for it,  
It is masculine and feminine gender mixed, therefore common,  
It is conjunction because it connects,  
It is an interjection, at least it sounds like it,  
It is a verb because it signifies to act,  
It is plural number because one calls for another,  
It is usually in opposition with a hug, at least it is sure to follow,  
A kiss can be conjugated, but never declined.

—M. C. B.



# EDITORIAL

## *Looking Ahead*



OW that the World War and the great issues that set those mighty forces in motion and the issues that have developed during the course of conflict are on the verge of permanent settlement and the World is preparing to resume its course along the highway of the higher civilization, it behooves those engaged in those activities having to do with the common welfare to devote themselves to the problems of the period of reconstruction.

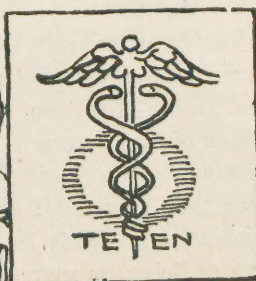
The term, reconstruction, may be somewhat confusing. The age just ahead is not one of reconstruction in the sense of tearing down what has been and erecting an entirely new structure in its place. The task of the state and nation just now is to adapt itself to the conditions and tasks of Peace with the same energy and singleness of purpose that it displayed in adapting itself to the conditions of war. And then to continue along those lines of progressive development already being followed previous to the war, in the light and experiences of the war, and with the greater vision of service that has come to the nation as a result of our participation in the conflict as the champion of a great ideal.

One of the greatest assets that has come to the world as a result of the war is the new conception of a world citizenship. A citizenship that demands of nations and peoples a consideration of their politics and policies; in the light of their relation to the world at large and of their influences on the peoples of the universe. And this is especially true of this nation. A nation that has heretofore kept aloof from participation in political ventures concerning the policies and politics of the Old World governments. A nation that has had a peculiar position of isolation with regard to world politics. But that time is past. This nation is now a mighty factor in the family of nations. From a position as spectator at the ringside of world politics, the nation has, by the circumstance of war, been drawn into the very midst of the activities and must, henceforth, be one of the dominant factors in the formation and promulgation of the policies of the world. We are now, in every sense of the word, a World Power and we must assume new responsibilities and develop our new opportunities.

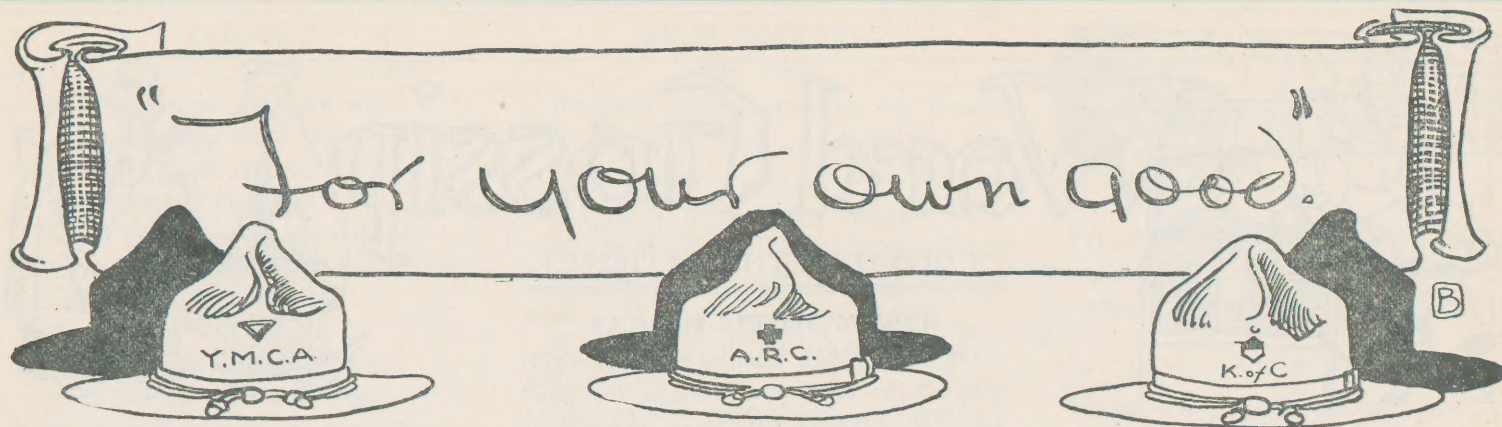
This nation has promulgated an ideal of world citizenship. It has fought for that ideal. It has expended, without stint, its manhood, its wealth, its industries, and its mighty energies to establish that ideal as a fixed policy of the family of nations and as an inherent right of all peoples. And now, as the champion of that ideal, this nation emerges from the conflict with tremendous powers, with an exalted position among the peoples of the world, and with tremendous responsibilities.

Now that the war is ended and the adjustment to the new era is immediately before us, the very fate of the nation hangs in the balance and just as surely as the citizenship deviates from the great ideal of the nation and breaks up into factions, each striving to promote its own good and to obstruct the other without regard to the development of the nation; just as surely as party politics and party policy take precedence over the politics and policies of the nation as a whole, then must the nation and the state pass into a period of decline and wend its way to the scrap heap of discarded powers.

LT. CLIFTON E. GURD.







The New Year finds us delightfully esconced in our new building, with new ideals, new plans, and a lot of other new things. One of our new things for the New Year is to be a Soldiers' Sunday School. It will be inaugurated on the first Sunday afternoon of the New Year, at 2:30 o'clock. We purpose to make this a big feature in our building program, and we extend a most cordial invitation to all the men of the detachment to enroll themselves in this school. We also propose to make the singing a larger feature in the every Sunday program. So let's all get into line on the first Sunday of this new activity, and then proceed to keep step throughout the Sundays that are to follow.

▽ ▽

On Sunday night we shall resume the evening sing, and gospel address in our new building. Under the capable leadership of Secretary Carr we expect the singing in our new hut to develop greater and greater attractiveness.

▽ ▽

We observed New Year's eve at our new "Y" in a very unique manner, beginning at 8 o'clock with an excellent concert furnished by talent from Asheville. Following this we had a movie entertainment, after which sandwiches and cocoa were served during a free and easy half hour in the cheerful basement room. Next came a sing, and a short sermon, and finally, just at midnight, Chaplain Prentice administered the communion. It was a very interesting and profitable evening, and it gave us a very good beginning of the New Year.

▽ ▽

Expect a very important announcement in this column next week, concerning the regular schedule of activities to be carried on by the "Y" during the season just ahead of us.

On Monday, everybody was busy with holly—the most beautiful almost anyone had seen—and with the lovely little spruces sent us by the Biltmore estate, together with the narcissus plants, given us by the Baraca-Philatheas, decorating was a real joy for everybody concerned.

+ +

The Christmas tree, shining with decorations and lights, was the center of interest at the Red Cross house, from 3 to 5 on Christmas eve, for about 500 enlisted men patients. Gifts and candy were distributed and later the boys enjoyed ice cream and home made cakes, while the orchestra made most delightful music.

+ +

From 5:30 to 7, the officers, officer patients, nurse and women attaches of the Post were given a thoroughly delightful tea, with dancing later. Mrs. Charles L. Minor poured tea, assisted by a group of friends from Asheville.

+ +

During the above mentioned hours, this same committee was distributing gifts and serving ice cream, cake and candy in the seven infirmary wards, which they had decorated the day before.

+ +

On Christmas morning at 10:30, there was a Christmas service, with a message from Chaplain Prentiss and the singing of many Christmas carols. This service was full of the real spirit of the day and meant much to all of us.

+ +

All Christmas afternoon, from 3 o'clock to bed time, the house was full of boys and all of them voted it a happy day. The punch was served, there was much popping of corn, and the girls who make up the reconstruction aides joined in playing the most delightful and hilarious games.

### NOTICE.

In order to treat all men fair and equal in regard to playing pool, it would be greatly appreciated if those desiring to use the tables would register on the cards provided for this purpose stating the hour of the day the same is desired. Half-hour periods have been arranged so that all can enjoy the use of the tables. Men may use the tables at all times when not reserved, but are expected to relinquish same upon arrival of those who have already made reservation.

Our New Year's eve watch party proved to be a successful affair. We are glad to note the interest that the men have manifested in these weekly parties held at the hut, and it is hoped to continue in this manner during the winter season. All the men of the Post, having young lady friends in Asheville, who wish to attend these parties, will receive the necessary invitation through our chaperone Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, upon request. Our aim is to please the boys by inviting young ladies of their acquaintance.

As usual there will be a dance at the Hut for the detachment men on Tuesday evening, January 7th.

★ ★

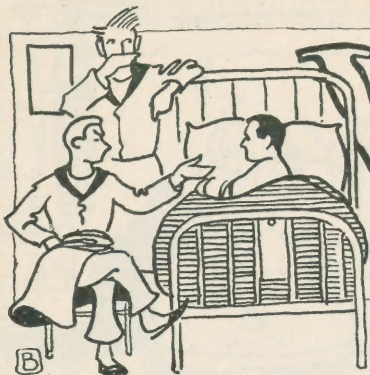
Secretary Downie is desirous of making the acquaintance of all the personnel of the Post who would be kind enough to participate in a Home Talent Entertainment which he is now arranging for some future date. Those talented in this respect who wish to take part in this entertainment are urged to communicate with Secretary Downie at their earliest convenience.

★ ★

The "Oteen" is on sale at the Hut, also stamped wrappers for those who may wish to mail a copy home.







### WHEN I COME HOME

When I come home, and leave behind  
Dark things I would not call to mind,  
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,  
And see white sheets and pillows spread.  
And there is one who'll softly creep  
To kiss me 'neath the counterpane,  
And I shall be a boy again.

When I come home!

When I come home, from dark to light  
And tread the roadways long and white,  
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,  
And see the village greens once more,  
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,  
And friendly trees that nod to me,  
And hear the lark 'neath the sun,  
'Twill be good pay for what I've done  
When I come home!

—LESLIE COULSON.

(Killed in action, Oct. 7th, 1916).

★ ★

A fellow out west named his baby,  
"Weatherstrips," because he said it kept  
him out of the draft.

★ ★

Telephone bell in ward office rings. No nurse or officer in sight. Davitian hears bell and finally takes down receiver but evidently could gather little from it, for when the nurse walked into the office and heard him yelling, "Hello, Hello," she said, "Why Davitian, what's the trouble can't you hear him?"

The boy quickly handed over the telephone saying, "I could hear him all right until he began to talk and then I couldn't understand a word."

★ ★

Chap goes up to soft drink counter at canteen. The two clerks are standing with arms folded during lull in business.

Soldier asks, "What do you sell here?"

One of the clerks attempted to be witty and replies, "Jackasses."

The quick witted soldier answered quickly, "I see you need a new stock as you have only two left."

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

### HOW TO BECOME POPULAR

On coming back from town late at night, sing all the songs you heard at the theatre. The corridors will make an excellent place for this.

Make all the noise possible in the barracks, open your locker, throw off your shoes with a bang.

Don't forget to tell the boys all about the good time you had. Don't wait until morning for this. You can tell it better while you are still in the mood and enthusiastic.

★ ★

An Irish rookie went to town and imbibed too much "red rye." He was corralled by an M. P. and before he realized it, was in the guard house. When he found out where he was he rushed to the prison window and grabbing hold of the bars shouted: "Let me out of here, let me out! If yez don't, I'll tear the place down."

Just then a big shell loading plant went up with a terrific roar, shook all the buildings in camp and threw down the guard house walls and roof.

Half an hour later as they were digging Pat out of the ruins, they heard him murmur, "Begorra, I'll bet I catch h— for this."

★ ★

### TO MY COMRADES

I who have only just arrived

Can sense the spirit of a song,  
In these great hills—it's good to live

Where nature makes one feel so strong—

And tho' I may not linger long,

I wish to feel that I am here,

Not with a discontented throng,

But with dear comrades full of cheer.

A cheerful smile will speed the day,

As well as warm a fellow's heart,

And if a stranger comes our way,

He will not feel as being apart.

It's up to us. What do you say,

My comrades! Shall we make a start?

—C.J.W.

★ ★

Private—Say, Sarge, you know those shoes you gave me?

Supply Sergeant—Well, what about 'em?

Private—Well, one of 'em matches all right, but the other doesn't.



### PATIENTS AND THEIR PETS

Doors have keys, music has keys, a piano has keys, but Keys has a violin.

When the dusk of even falls, and the ward lights are lit

Old Boy Keys takes out his violin and tunes her up a bit

With loving touch, he draws the bow across the strings

And with each stroke of bow a note of music brings.

Keys delights in the old time melodies such as "When the Cotton is in Flour, Then it is Time for Baking Bread," and "'Twas under the Gas Light I met You, Eulalie." Some of the boys do not appreciate good music—now there's McGuire; he'd rather listen to a lot of high-falutin stuff than to the "Fishers Hornpipe." He gets real nasty at times and says such sarcastic things as, "Say, Keys, if you feel as bad as all that why don't you ask the lieutenant for some medicine." Keys never gets mad, somehow, when McGuire tries to kid him—if it were me, I'd tell him "If you don't like my playing, you can get the—hello, what did you say?"

Every night when Keys starts playing a crowd gathers around him (for a while) and then I notice them slipping into the sun-parlor and carefully shutting the door and I say to Keys, "Don't you mind old chap because you have no audience, you and I appropriate music anyway." But, say, do you know after about five minutes I begin to feel as though I had something important to do and I leave—not because I do not like the music you understand but I get to feeling that it is too high class for me with all the funny noises so I discover an engagement. But Keys doesn't care—he plays for himself until the night nurse goes up to him and says "Please, Mr. Keys will you stop playing now. It is bed time and the boys want to go to bed."

Keys stops and puts away the wonderful fiddle and undresses for bed.

—S.L.P.



## COMFORT

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—  
 Bust in business, lost your wife;  
 No one cares a cent about you,  
 You don't care a cent for life;  
 Hard luck has of hope bereft you,  
 Health is failing, wish you'd die—  
 Why, you've still the sunshine left you  
 And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder  
 If it's heaven shining through;  
 Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,  
 Sun so bright it dazzles you;  
 Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging  
 All their fragrance on the breeze;  
 Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—  
 Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;  
 These, and none can weigh their worth.  
 What! You're tired and broke and beaten?  
 Why you're rich—you've got the earth!  
 Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,  
 While the blue sky bends above,  
 You've got nearly all that matters—  
 You've got God, and God is love.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE.

★ ★

Mike—May I see my friend Jake?  
 Lieutenant—No, he is convalescing.  
 Mike—Oh, that is alright, I'll sit down  
 and wait till he's through.

★ ★

## COLD!

Fix the blankets, jump into bed  
 Pull the covers up over your head  
 For it is cold, cold, cold.  
 Shiver a bit and shake some more  
 Cut off the draft, shut the door  
 For it is cold, cold, cold.  
 Cuddle up, and smuggle up into a ball  
 Squiggle and wriggle to become small  
 It is cold, cold, cold.  
 Nurse, nurse, a water bottle please  
 Hurry, hurry, I am about to freeze.  
 I am cold, cold, cold.  
 It ain't no use, I am frozen tight  
 I must freeze and freeze the whole night,  
 And it is cold, cold, cold.  
 Turn out the lights, I pray for sleep  
 Hide my misery in dreamland deep  
 Where it isn't cold, cold, cold.

★ ★

Officer (at medical inspection)—Say  
 a-a-a-ah!  
 Tony—No speak-a de English!

## TALES THAT TELL.

(By Ted).

President Wilson receives big ovation  
 from England.

God speed and more power to you.  
 Everybody made happy Xmas.  
 Ten to one we're all home by next Xmas.  
 Big doings at the Red Cross 24th and  
 25th.

K. of C. held its Christmas, Xmas, Eve  
 gifts and dancing.

Big concert, refreshments and gifts Y.  
 M. C. A., program Xmas night.

Passes issued for all hours Xmas Day.  
 Somebody said, "Wish every day were??"  
 Good news, discharges to come direct  
 from the hill.

K. P.'s worked overtime Xmas, we  
 thank you.

Who was it kicked about cold feet the  
 other night.

Weather must be extremely cold around  
 ward E-7.

New industry? Ivory gathering.  
 Stick around dental clinic.

Ask Tommy Nuggent of ward E-3.  
 How many left Tommy? One or two?  
 Who got lost in the woods Xmas day?  
 Better take a compass with you next  
 time.

Ward E-7 pay atten-shun to above sen-  
 tence.

They sure were there strong Xmas night.  
 Mr. Snow and his flakes arrived Sat-  
 urday, three days too late.

Big night New Year's eve. Reserve tables  
 early.

Better get to bed on time or something  
 else will be reserved?

All New York going to celebrate New  
 Years heavy.

Never mind you'll be there next year (?).  
 After you've gone???????? Deep stuff.

Every time she hears music Miss Wag-  
 ner wants to dance. Heavy on the "ah" in  
 dance.

Good looking people come from Sala-  
 manca, N. Y.

Look around ward I-7 and judge for  
 yourself.

New order while marching given by  
 drill sergeant. "Get out of the road, auto  
 coming."

What about it, ask inmates of the fol-  
 lowing hotels: E-5, 6, and 7.

Geo. LaRue of I-4 went to town Xmas.  
 George, which is best, Asheville or Au-  
 gusta?



Pvt. Joseph Batist says "Deys sho bin  
 too much talk about de glory ob dyin' fo'  
 yo' country by dem folks who nebber tried  
 it."

★ ★

Walker—Why are photos like yo'  
 frens?

Williams—I dunno.

Walker—Caz yuh nebber hab ober one  
 or two good ones in a life time.

★ ★

It sho do seem strange dat we always  
 go to a sanatorium too late an' cum away  
 too soon.

★ ★

Pvt. Carrol says: "Dat nobody could  
 git me t' go t' war eben if I is married."

★ ★

Pvt. Mills says: "I dun cum to de con-  
 clusion dats der am too many new ways t'  
 spend money an' not enuff new ways t'  
 git it."

★ ★

The colored 2nd Lieut. Harris, inform-  
 ed the editor that "If it wasn't for his  
 friends he'd never know when he needed  
 a hair cut."

★ ★

Pvt. Walker who spent some time at  
 the Chateau-Thierry front says, "Dat he  
 sho hopes he'll nebber hab t' love anudder  
 country."

★ ★

"De reason so many folks are against  
 de army is because dey can't run it."

★ ★

Pvt. Williams, an oversea soldier of  
 color says: "Yes de Germans am licked  
 but I ain't goin' to say dey wasn't pre-  
 pared."

★ ★

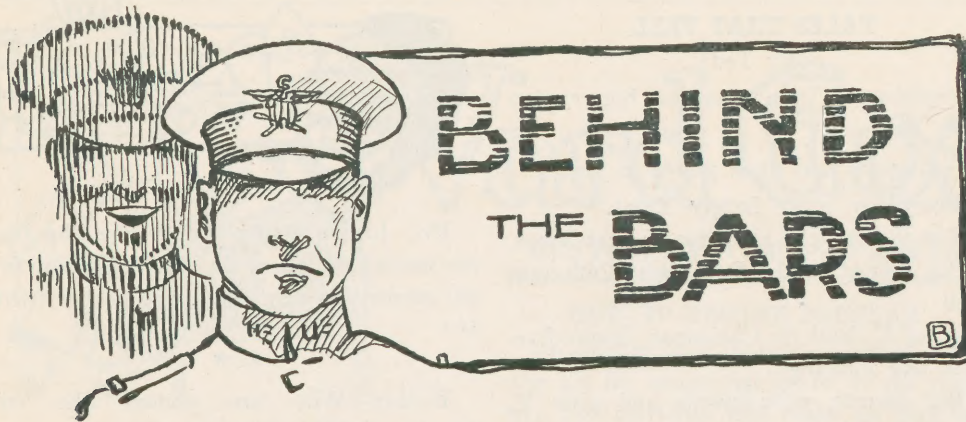
Officer (to colored troops after a hike of  
 twenty miles)—All men who are too tired  
 to go any farther step two paces forward."

Every man stepped forward except one  
 man named Johnson.

Officer—Well Johnson, ready to go twen-  
 ty miles more?

Johnson—No, sah; ahs too tired to take  
 those two steps forward.





### OFFICERS WARD NOTES

New arrivals: Maj. McFarland, Joseph, M. C.; 1st Lieut. Murray, Robert L., Inf.; 1st Lieut. Shufro, Barney, 18 Repls. Bn.; 1st Lieut. Steurer, Wm., D. C.; 2nd Lieut. Hunt, Wm. C., M. G. T. C.; 2nd Lieut. McEvoy, Wm. J., 6th Army Corps; 2nd Lieut. Smith, Russell G., San C.

★ ★

As each of the officers, who was going on leave made his departure he extended to us his deepest sympathy that we were to be marooned here in Oteen during the holiday season and we, at that time, felt that we were in need of all the sympathy that we could get as we expected to be about as cheerful as a morgue at Christmas time.

Of course we did not and could not, then realize that, at Christmas time, when everyone has his heart and hands full with the dear one and friends that there would be some one who could and would, spare us a few of their precious moments. It was then a most agreeable surprise to learn that the canteen workers were going to give a tea at the Red Cross rooms on the afternoon of Christmas eve. And none of us realized even then how much real enjoyment could be crowded into one short afternoon. There are very few of us who have been fortunate enough to have a more pleasant Christmas eve to store away in our memory.

Our nurses, especially Miss Quinn and Miss Paxton generously gave up any pleasure that they might have enjoyed and spent their time in decorating the ward, trimming the Christmas trees, arranging the gifts and lastly spreading the true home and Yuletide spirit.

Finally on Christmas day many of the people of Asheville included us in their home circle for lunch and dinner and so now we feel that we are surely as fortunate as those who went on leave.

It has been said by some that this ward is dead. We assure you that the only dead things about this place are the cushions on the pool tables.

★ ★

Lt. Saxton fooled us all; instead of spending his leave in New York, as he previously stated, "with his wife," he is spending it here with the mumps. Happy Landings, Old Top.

★ ★

Dentist Whitney received a picture of She who WAS his girl. All those wishing to view the remains please call between 9 and 10 in the morning.

★ ★

While returning in his motor from Asheville the other night Lieut. W. F. Kappler of this tenement, was held up, robbed and assaulted in a lonely spot. He reached the ward in a state of exhaustion after walking from the scene of the crime. His face was covered with blood from two wounds on his head. After a careful examination by the Chief Sanitary Officer, Professor Manahan, these were found to be of no importance to medical science.

Blood corpuscles were immediately put on the trail but up to the time of going to press no trace of the culprits had been found. It was one of the quickest and most amazing getaways in the history of the police at Oteen.

Altho Mr. Kappler is still in a state of excitement, our irresponsible reporter was able to get details of importance. His mental condition is due not so much to fright and mistreatment as it is to the worry of making a satisfactory explanation to his wife.

Furthermore he claims that he could not identify the guilty parties as they all looked alike. In fact he claims never to have seen such a large drove of squirrels.

We make an appeal thru these columns that they return just one nut so that the lieutenant may get his engine running again.

### UNCLE DUDLEY SAYS

"Happy New Year, folks!"

"How does 1919 look t' ye?"

"Yep, ole Grand-daddy Time, he writ th' history o' th' past year en hez closed th' records. Now we hev th' new account o' 1919, en what iz writ there iz a-goin' t' depend a whole heap on me en you. So, fellers, we hed better take a leetle time t' cast up our ole accounts en get rid o' th' bad ones, en then fix up fer th' New Year. I esz, sez I, it iz a long trip from one end o' th' year t' th' tother, en th' feller what iz most gee-wallopin' pertickler in a-gettin' reddey fer th' trip, iz th' feller what iz a-goin' t' hev th' best time o' it."

"Seems t' me thet there iz a powerful lot o' fuss bein' riz over this here bizness o' stripes, en it iz all plumb foolishness ez fur ez yer Ole Unckle kin see. No matter whut kind o' stripes a tater bug iz a sportin', he iz still a tater bug regardless.

"En no matter whut kind o' stripes a feller wears on hiz arm, ef hez dun hiz full duty he iz a patriot, en ef he hez been a four-flushin' slacker—in unyform er out—why thet iz all he iz, en a few goldurned stripes o' gold er silver won't make him no diffrent, sez I.

"Sure hed a bang-up, A No.-1, ding-battin' fine Krismus. Yep, these here leetle ladies o' Asheville en North Carolina sure showed thet they hev honest-t'-God human hearts. Next t' bein' t' hum, yer Ole Unckle wuz plumb satisfied t' be here. Whut say ye fellers?

"Wuz a readin' a powerful ole book th' tother day en in it wuz a purty story about th' 'Sunny South.' Enjoyed readin' it right much. Yer Ole Unckle allus wuz fond o' these ole legends en fairy stories.

★ ★

"Wuz down town last nite en paid seven en a half bucks fer a bottle o' mineral water gathered offen th' dewey mountains, said water wuz promised t' hev amazin' strange healin' powers. Wall, I drunk it en all yer Ole Unckle Dudley kin remember wuz when he woke up this mornin' with a gol-durned biler facktry goin' full blast inside o' hiz bean. By gum, I shore am offen this here North Carolina 'Mineral Water.' It shore hez a gee-walloppin' powerful kick."

★ ★

"My Nevvy Lt. Baer iz a writin' real industrious like on hiz new book which iz t' be named, 'Patience or Job en hiz Boils —Me en my Henry.'"





### "AS YOU WERE" SERIES—No. 5

#### THE BARON SAYS.

I notice a number of men have a very contagious disease known as dischargitis.

I have observed that talking heroes are usually self-made heroes.

I had a strange request for a book a few days ago. A man asked for a novel by Dickens, "A tail of Two Kitties."

I heard two fellows discussing geography a few days ago, and one of them remarked: "The alimentary canal is found in Egypt."

I notice, true to my prophecy, that the boys wanting a change of scene, and shipped to some of the other points, are crying to be back in the fold at Oteen. We don't know how well off we are till we see some of the other places we might be in.

I find that while some of the men may be poor mathematicians, there are a lot of good bookkeepers in the crowd.

May success crown the efforts of every one this year—and while I can't shake the hand of everyone—my wish is that all of this post be blessed two-fold—yea, ten-fold.

#### EMPLOYMENT AFTER DISCHARGE.

Instructions to employers in need of technical and other highly trained men to employ qualified men from the commissioned and enlisted ranks of the army who are now being demobilized were issued very recently by the U. S. employment service.

Hundreds of officers, many of them of high rank, are asking the camp representatives and federal directors of the service for the states to assist them in obtaining new employment. Many of these men, together with numerous enlisted men, are qualified for professional and technical positions and are leaving the army without having such positions in sight.

Among the men of this type appearing at the federal employment service are engineers and other technicians, executives, chemists, statisticians, purchasing agents, employment managers and cost accountants. The professional section of the employment service is handling all applicants. Soldiers and employers should address communications to the U. S. Employment Service, Dept. of Labor, Washington, D. C.

#### PEACE BASIS FOR THE ARMY.

While plans for the general reorganization of the United States army on a peace basis are held in abeyance until the peace conferences in Paris shall have been concluded, the general staff has prepared a bill, for the reorganization of the staff corps itself for early presentation to congress.

The provisions of the bill include the abolition of the old bureau system and provide for the centralization of both authority and responsibility for the entire military establishment in the general staff.

It has been stated that the bill will also define the status of such arms of the service as the motor transport corps, the chemical warfare service and the tank corps. The chief of each service will probably be a member of the general staff.

Similarly, the present distribution of the functions formerly vested in the quartermaster general, chief of ordnance and adjutant general are confirmed and centralized in the staff.





A colored giant on board a transport bound for over there was rather sea sick. About three days out he was seen to drop to his knees, cast his eyes skyward and remark, "Lord, if yo'all hear my prayer, please call this ocean to attention."

★ ★

Does your husband worry about grocery debts?

No, he says there's no sense in himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills.—Topeka Capital.

★ ★

When can you let me have a little money, John?

Hubby—Certainly, my dear. About how little?—Boston Transcript.

★ ★

Among our recent visitors was a French gentleman who was very proud of his English. At a large reception given in their honor he was expressing his unbounded admiration of American women to his hostess. After expatiating on their beauty and wit he clasped his hands and with an added burst of rapture said, "And zey are mos' beautiful in zere night clothes."

★ ★

Madam, I see you advertise table board.  
"I do."

"But why specify table board? What other kind of board is there?"

"Stable board. You ain't the first jack-ass that has been along."—Kansas City Journal.

Diner (just entered)—Hello Jim! Anything new on the bill of fare today?

The Other—There's a grease spot I didn't notice there yesterday.—*Boston Transcript*.

★ ★

Flatbush—Let me see—how does that wedding march go? Can you whistle it?

Bensonhurst—Don't ask me. I'm trying to forget it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

★ ★

Yeast—"It is stated that this war has cost the kaiser billions and billicns of dollars."

Crimsonbeak—"Well, suppose it has; he's getting a run for his money now, all right, isn't he?"

★ ★

#### DIDN'T TO THE WORK

Judge—"Six months in jail with hard labor."

Hobo—"Say, judge, can't yer double de time an' cut out de labor?"

★ ★

A negro drill sergeant was addressing a squad of colored "rookies" under him. He said: "I wants you niggers to understan' dat you is to car'y out all o'ders giben on de risin' reflection of de final word ob comman'. Now when we'se passin' dat reviewing point, at de comman' 'Eyes Right!' I wants to hear ever' nigger's eyeballs click."

★ ★

A cynical bachelor says that when a girl asks time to consider she wants to consider her chances of getting another fellow.

#### BILL ON BARBERING

Maude, old dere:—

I aint never told you Maude, of the many interestin things we got on this Post. Some of them I aint never noed about myself, but since I got them too weeks on Post I got plenty of time fer observation. We got a menagerie. You no, one of them places what got all kinds of animals in it, like a cirkus. We got a sheep what needs a hair-cut powerful bad, it also needs a bath and some cologne. I don't no how I missed it before; I guess I aint been in that nayborhood. We also got a hole flock of giny-pigs. They got in a pare a month ago and now they got ter bild a bigger house ter hold them all. Next ter the giny-pigs are some white mice. I thinks they're sort of related. Both of em beleve in big families. All them animals they tell me are bein used fer experimentin so as ter find out how ter treat the pashunts. If I wuz a pashunt I'd get sore, bein treated like a giny-pig.

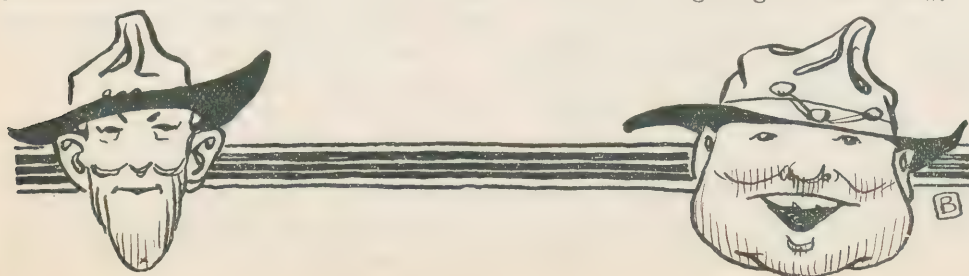
Then we got a barber-shop. Thats a nother place where they make experiments. Only here the barbers do the experimentin and we fellers are the goats. A round hair-cut, a square hair-cut, pompadour in the back or shave around the neck. Everything's in white. Even the barbers. If it wasn't fer there shoes what are dirty you'd think they wuz a bottle of milk. They always got a crowd in that shop. Yer got ter wate a hour fer yer turn and then when it cums round, why sum offiser walks in and then yer out of luck. The sign sez 'Active commissioned officers next.' You'd no they wuz active by the way they jump fer the chair. Then when yer about reddy agin the sargent from the Post Exchange sticks his head in and sez "I'm next, I wuz in before." I thinks thats part of the barbers rent, shavin the Post Exchange help.

We got a fire-engine what never done a bit of work. And they say it cost the government ten thousand dollars. No wonder they got ter float so many Liberty Loans, wastin money on a engine what they don't need. The fellers what are supposed ter be the fire-men got a cinch. There hardest work is ter keep the trimmins polished. If some buildin wuz ter get aburnin, they'd use it as a place ter keep warm.

Sorry ter here that yer aint afeelin well Maude, I aint been afeelin well myself either. I got what yer call the 'Homesickness Blues.' So don't be surprised ter see me trottin inter yer parlor won of these days.

Yours till the Kaiser gits ter heavin.

BILL.





**DID YOU EVER?***Did You Ever See?*

A real honest to God soldier wearing his sweater on the outside of his shirt, or walking around without his leggings or some other part of his uniform?

*Did You Ever Hear?*

A regular guy continually grumbling and finding fault with his mess, quarters, clothing, and general treatment?

*Did You Ever Know?*

A patient who really wanted to get well habitually disobeying his doctor's instructions, smoking out of hours, staying up later than 8:30, missing rest period, eating knick knacks between meals and acting like a spoiled child when he is told to do something?

*Did You Ever Stop to Think?*

That the government is spending about \$200,000 a month here for your benefit, that you are getting a salary, clothing, board, lodging, plenty of recreation facilities (books, magazines, music, games, etc.) educational advantages and the very best medical treatment any sanatorium in the country can offer? All of the above is provided for you because you are one of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

*Did You Ever Find?*

A six-footer whining because he was refused a pass, grumbling because everybody had it in for him, and pointing to other fellows who were favored?

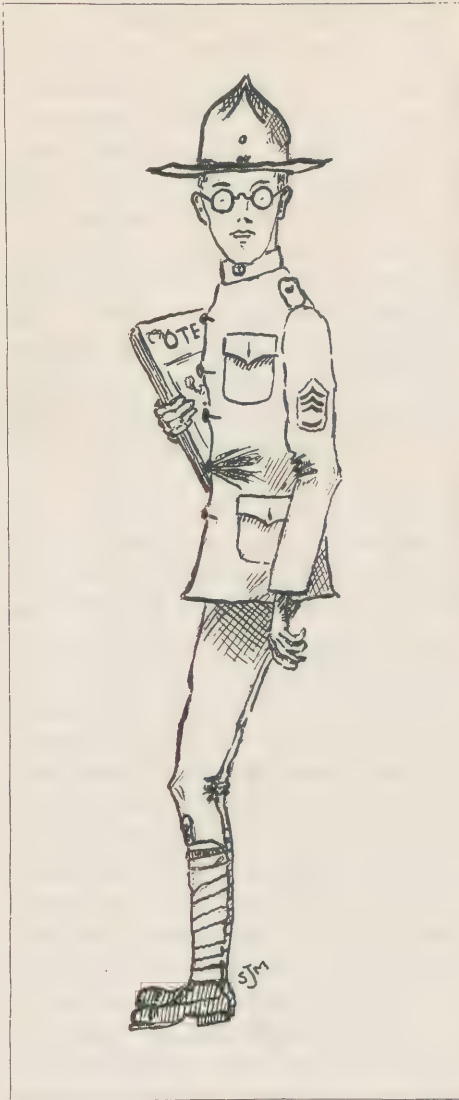
*The Game*

We are all players in the game of life. It requires nerve, persistence, determination, and grit to become a star. The grandstand, one hand trick does not count; you must deliver the goods or else some youngster will call your bluff and retire you to the bench. You are not the whole show, there are other players. Play your position with all the energy you have; make every move count; and by all means play fair and square with your opponents. Remember, it takes the last ball thrown in the second half of the ninth inning before the game is called. Stick to your job until it is finished.—Ex.

★ ★

As the last note of Taps cut the night air and the inexorable Lights Out enshrouded the camp with the black mantle of night, a fresh young rookie bawled out, in the most captainish basso he could assume:

"As you were, Bugler, I'm all lathered for a shave."

**INTERVIEWS WITH AZALEA'S  
PROMINENT PEOPLE**

V. SGT. RUSTY BADFOOT, EDITOR

Q.—"You are always so ready to have other people talk to you; here goes a little of your own medicine. You are the editor, aren't you?"

A.—"If you can call it that, yes."

Q.—"When did you receive the your training?"

A.—"Selling book plates to suckers. For a time I was police reporter, of a variety, for the *New York Journal*; also sold electric fans to the Eskimos."

Q.—"Your past experiences make you a most valuable asset to our paper. Do you write all the articles that appear?"

A.—"Only the good ones."

Q.—"But I notice that not so many good ones appear lately."

A.—"That's because we now have a censor."

Q.—"Yours is a hard lot. How do you keep from offending someone or getting into trouble because of what you write?"

A.—"That's easy, I sign someone else's initials and then they get blamed."

Q.—"Did you write that pretty little thing, 'I am Oteen,' in last week's issue?"

A.—"What did you think of it?"

Q.—"I thought it very well written."

A.—"I wrote it."

Q.—"But most of the readers told me it sounded like a lot of nonsense to them."

A.—"Yes, and, on the other hand, no. To tell the truth, I let one of my assistants work it out. It was simply my idea."

Q.—"So you didn't write it?"

A.—"No, I had nothing to do with it."

Q.—"You always look so natty and neat, and your clothes follow the lines of your body so well. Who is your tailor?"

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"And you are so soldierly. Where did you receive your military training?"

A.—"Where all good soldiers start usually. In the Kitchen of Kenilworth. Then I was official custodian of three acres of floor to be scrubbed, and the finishing touches came in the Medical Supply Storehouse, this Camp."

Q.—"In parting, sergeant, is there anything else you wish to say?"

A.—"Yes, could you let me have two dollars, old man?"

★ ★

**COMPARING NOTES.**

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes; so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the 'phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how do yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," replied Rastus. "All we has ter do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."

★ ★

O.D. (to sentry on post one rainy night) "Do you know your General Orders?"

Sentry—"No, sir."

O.D.—"What do you know then?"

Sentry—"I know enough to stay in out of the rain, sir."





On Christmas Eve the Knights of Columbus arranged a social gathering, which included the distribution of presents followed by dancing. It had been previously announced this event had been solely planned for the men of the detachment.

The patients were certainly not forgotten. The Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the Knights of Columbus, each in turn did their share towards bridging the gulf of homesickness for them. At 8:30 the doors of the K. of C. were thrown open and in a surprisingly short time the "Hut" was filled. The party took place as planned, the presents were distributed and the dance continued until midnight. Everyone present had a glorious time.

Now let us peek into the barracks. Are they empty, are the occupants making merrily and enjoying this festive occasion? We see a group gathered about a rather languid card game, not much of a Christmas spirit there. We see several others hunched over their pads writing. We can almost visualize what they are writing, what is passing through their minds. They are thinking of brighter and happier Christmases. Still others have taken to their cots, overcome by the toil of the day and that feeling of lonesomeness. Why are not the members of that happy gathering not twenty yards away? Simply because you patients, without regard for orders or invitations had monopolized this gathering to the exclusion of the men of the detachment.

We appeal to your spirit of fairness. These boys each and every one work hard, work hard for you. They do it gladly and ungrudgingly because they know you are one of them. They are glad to give their pals a helping hand. Why not you in turn be just as large and noble in spirit and allow them the pleasure of a few hours for recreation. Let the next dance of the K. of C. be for the detachment men.

*The Observer*

### WAR RISK INSURANCE.

(By Secretary William G. McAdoo).

I desire to remind ALL America's soldiers and sailors that it is their opportunity and their privilege to keep up their insurance with the United States government after the war has officially terminated, and even after they have returned to civil life.

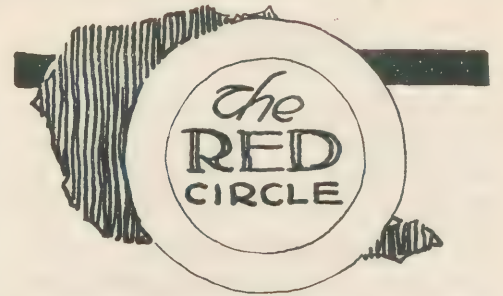
More than four million officers and men of the army and navy are now insured with the United States government, through the bureau of war risk insurance of the treasury department. The grand total of insurance is more than thirty-six billion of dollars.

In its present form, this insurance is annual, renewable term insurance at net peace rates, issued against death and total permanent disability. Under the provisions of the war risk insurance act, every person holding this insurance may keep it up in this form *even after he leaves the service*, for a period of five years. All that is necessary is the regular payment of premiums.

Moreover, the law provides that not later than five years after the termination of the war as declared by presidential proclamation, the term insurance shall be converted, *without medical examination*, into such form or forms of insurance as may be prescribed by regulations and as the insured may request. In accordance with the provisions of the law, these regulations will provide for the right to convert into ordinary life, 20-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and into other usual forms of insurance. *This insurance will continue to be government insurance.* The various forms of policies which the bureau of war risk insurance will write are now being prepared.

Every person in the military or naval service owes it to himself and to his family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance.

The advantages of keeping this insurance in force cannot be emphasized too strongly. The right to continue it is a valuable right given by the government to our fighting part of the men as compensation for their services. If this right is lost by allowing insurance to lapse it can never be regained. When government insurance is allowed to lapse the holder cannot again obtain insurance except from private companies at a considerable increase in cost. Moreover many of the men have become uninsurable as a result of the war through physical impairment, and if these allow their insurance to lapse they will lose the last opportunity for their families to have the protection of life insurance.



### WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

Christmas week was one continual round of joy at the Red Circle Hotel and the big house was taxed to the limit to accommodate the large number of guests that shared the family circle.

— ★ —

Oteen appears to have an extraordinarily high percentage of talented men as is evidenced by the many excellent entertainments put on at the Red Circle.

— ★ —

Many of these are quite impromptu and are thoroughly appreciated by every one who is fortunate enough to get in on them.

— ★ —

Nearly every day some one or other of the hostesses receives a letter from one of the boys returned to civilian life saying how much he misses the Red Circle clubs. These appear to be so spontaneous and genuine that we hope that Red Circle activities will become permanent institutions all over the country.

— ★ —

The constant increase in attendance at the club and the steady growth of patronage at the Red Circle Hotel will call our attention to the fact that as a military center Asheville is getting to be more important and the camps and cantonments become deserted owing to the demobilization process.

— ★ —

The regular dances will probably be resumed at the Red Circle Hotel Saturday nights. These have proved to be so popular that plans are on foot to enlarge the club sufficiently to have dancing space in that busy institution.

— ★ —

Many of the enlisted men in the posts about Asheville do not realize that the Red Circle is a national organization—supported by the Government and vouched for by them. It is essentially their institution—and we want them to use it as their home.





## THE TRACK—RED CIRCLE HOTEL

Saturday 21st, Weather, rainy. Attendance fair.  
 Time-keepers, Wenige & Robertson. Track, fast.  
 Owners, Uncle Sam, U. S. A. Starter and Referee T. Sistare.  
 Judges—The Audience. Time, 2 hours. Off 8 P. M.

## WINNERS

- 1st. Pvt. Daniel Murphy.  
 2nd. Cahill & Humphries—Boyd Montre Dead Heat.  
 3rd Mr. & Mrs. McRae—Miss Christine Mayer.

No.	Name.	Kind of Act.	Start.	Finish
1.	Boyd Montre.....	Tramp Comedian.....	Laugh.....	Laughing
2.	Danny Murphy.....	Original Monologue.....	Good.....	Big
3.	Cahill & Humphries.....	Hok-Hum.....	Scream.....	Roars
4.	Miss C. Mayer.....	Piano & Songs.....	Neat.....	Fine
5.	Mr. and Mrs. McRae.....	Violin & Piano.....	Good.....	Good
6.	Entire Assembly.....	Trying to Sing.....	!!!!	????

Pvts. Wenige and Robertson started the performance with an up-to-date overture consisting of a march and popular selections. These boys surely can tickle the ivories and play drums respectively.

Pvt. Boyd Montrey well known for his character imitations throughout the wards, having time and again entertained the sick, put over a tramp monologue just as if he had been doing this right along instead of hitting rest hours at the hospital. His funny actions and line of gags made laughing continuous.

Daniel Murphy, the boy who writes his own material just as easily as we know when we have had enough, presented one of his many original monologues on certain phases of our Oteen environment. With much enjoyment to those who know what's what, he closed his act with a parody on "Smiles." The boy is clever and bears watching.

Those two clever boys, Humphries and Cahill, have a very funny cross-fire talking act, Cahill doing eccentric messenger and Humphries feeding him. They have quite a number of good bits and know how to play them for their worth in laughs.

Miss Christina Mayer, a very pleasing young lady, played her own accompaniments and sang several selections. She has a very pleasant voice and received well merited applause.

Mr. and Mrs. McRae played the violin and piano. Their selections ran mostly through popular numbers and they surely can put out *some* harmony. They received so much applause that they played seven encores.

Tomorrow night we play "East Lynn," who said that? By the way the Red Circle reminded me of the J. W. L.

LINES ON THE FIRST INTIMATIONS  
OF RETURNING TO CIVIL LIFE

Pipe down salutes, and Army regs,  
 Begone routine, and standing collars,  
 Bring out your bowls and casks and kegs,  
 And *let* it cost ten thousand dollars!

The homespun suit, the silk cravat,  
 With fireside stuff in rank profusion,  
 A "welcome" splurged upon the mat,  
 And oh, my dear, such sweet confusion!

It makes me giggle when I muse  
 On how the Army used to treat us:  
 Since now they've lit the pleasure fuse,  
 Life itself comes out to meet us.

So smite the dishpan, beat the drum,  
 Until it shakes the well-known rafter;  
 Back to civil life we come—  
 Back, amidst applause and laughter!

## ATTENTION!

When General Pershing was making his rounds of inspection he stopped at a seaport where our stevedores are pretty plentiful. He was making a speech congratulating our boys on their good work. In the middle of his talk there was a crash in the hall, a colored boy standing on a barrel had wiggled more so he could see more and as a result had landed on the floor. The general said, "Here, what is all that racket about?" The boy got up, rubbed his shins and said, "Nothin' matter, sir, only I just slipped from attention!"

## WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it's just what he wanted, he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges for it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a dentist makes a mistake, he can always repair the damage.

When an electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on induction—nobody knows what that is.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected because the chances are ten to one that he never learned his trade anyway.

BUT when a poor soldier makes a mistake: Good-night!

## P-A-Y

The War Department is in receipt of some complaints concerning delays in making payment in full to enlisted men who are sick in hospitals in this country. These complaints have reference to men who have returned from overseas, and the situation is due to the fact that only 3 per cent of these men have service records or other official papers which show the date of their last payment and the status of their accounts with respect to pay.

Partial payments have been regularly made to these men, both upon their arrival at ports of deparkation in the United States, and at the hospitals to which they were sent, but there have been no official papers which would justify commanding officers in certifying payrolls or final statements to cover the full pay due them.

On the 12th instant a memorandum was addressed to the chief of staff, pointing out that the only way in which these men could be paid in full was to arbitrarily accept their own personal affidavit as to the status of their accounts. This recommendation was approved by the chief of staff, and all hospitals have been furnished with a copy of the approved recommendation. This approved recommendation has also been published in the form of a war department circular No. 148, which bears date of December 14, 1918.

Everything possible to accomplish payments to these men, either partial or in full has been done by the department, and it is believed that the action taken toward having these men paid on their own affidavits will remedy the situation.



## RECONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT

The fitting up of the new Reconstruction Building shows steady progress. Material is on hand for the partitions for the class rooms, which will be erected this week. Desk tables are likewise under way, and chairs have been supplied. Seven large rooms, each 23x8, will be available for the classes. In addition, the building houses the offices and store rooms of the department, the psychological work room, and the aides' store room. For the present, the tailor shop is also in No. 723; but it will shortly be moved, with the carpenter shop, to the new curative work shop building.

The new shop building, is the warehouse now occupied as sleeping quarters by some of the detachment men. The reconstruction department and the utilities will share it. Ample floor space is provided for all the curative work shops, and for all the shoe repairing plant which the department will operate.

★ ★

With the occupancy of these two buildings, the reconstruction service will be as well established at Oteen as at any hospital in the country, and far better provided for than at most of them. Every member of the reconstruction staff wishes to express appreciation to the commanding officer for the admirable quarters accorded by him for the work.

★ ★

On Saturday afternoon the aides, who had planned a picnic, responded to a hurry call by making up two hundred brassards. They lost their picnic, but they will feel more than repaid when they see the men proudly exhibiting this mark of progress toward full recovery and usefulness.

Every patient at Oteen is provided for by the reconstruction department, if he is well enough even to make the slightest effort. Ward work is conducted by the eleven aides; academic work is carried on in the reconstruction building; and the shops take care of those who desire retraining in lines different from those followed by the men before entering the U. S. A., or those who desire further training in work they have already done. Classes will be opened in any subjects asked for, if suitable to our conditions; and every man on the reservation is urged to investigate what is offered him. His ward surgeon will gladly advise him; and the reconstruction department will give him its best counsel and training.

## OUR AIDES

Said Private Smith to Corporal Jones: "Who in the devil are those new women running around here in blue caps and uniforms?"

"Darned if I know; they sure are a busy crowd in their way. Yesterday I met a bunch of them and one had a saw, another a mallet, while a third brought up the rear with an armload of wire and strings."

"They came to my kitchen the other day," put in Mess Sergeant Green, "and asked me for tin cans—said they were goin' to make toys out of that junk. I'd like to know what kind of things they can make out of my old tins!"

"I saw them rumaging around that pile of boxes and the dump heap picking out all sorts of stuff, offered another private.

"I'll tell you who they are and what they are doing," orated superiorly the best looking belts and bags out of those 'strings' as you call them. I wish you could see the beads and baskets some of the fellows are doing; good as those strands the French soldiers made that sell for forty and fifty dollars a strand. These O. T.'s can teach you how to do pocketbooks, watch fobs and picture holders with a nut pick and a piece of leather that beats anything ever put out by Sears Roebuck! They are our friends!"

One of Ward I-5's patients:

"They are the reconstruction aides. They came to our ward and give a fellow a lift by entertaining and instructing him. Why the time doesn't drag half like it used to. I've made a tin can airplane, a motor truck, and a steam engine, and I dare any professional to do better. It takes brains and a quick wit to do that work. Some of the boys are printing postcards, while others are making Christmas gifts!"

"Gee, I wish they'd come to see us," sighed the others.

★ ★

It is pleasant to note that Lieut. Jacob Shuey, who has been ill, is making ready to jump into work with the New Year; and that we have another addition to our staff, 1st Lieut. Victor Layton.

★ ★

## SOLDIER'S SEVEN AGES

The day his girl saw him in his new outfit.  
The day he left home.  
The first reveille in camp.  
The day he won his first stripe.  
The first night in that lone room.  
The day he went on furlough.  
The day he got that *discharge*.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH THE OFFICERS

The old year was fittingly guided out, and the New Year greeted into being by an elaborate dinner afforded the officers, with the nurses in attendance, on New Year's Eve. Captain Dunham assumed the chief role in being the Toastmaster. Captain Hayes followed with a tribute to "Oteen." Miss Standish spoke enthusiastically on "The Medical Staff," and Capt. North followed with a poem on "Army and Nurses' Corps." Colonel Kitts gave an interesting speech on "Officer Patients." The menu was:

Grape Fruit au Marschino	
Consomme in Cups	
Celery Hearts	Salted Almonds
Broiled King Mackerel, Drawn Butter	
Saratoga Chips	
Frozen Punch	
Stuffed Turkey, Cranberry Sauce	
Green Peas	Steamed Rice
Oteen Salad	
Apple Pie	
Cheese	Coffee
"After the Dinner the Dance"	

★ ★

## ON POST ONE WITH THE STARS.

I am on sentry go.  
And the night is filled with stars.  
I wonder what May is doing?  
And if she still wears my rings?  
How beautiful the stars are.  
What a wonderful haze the moon has about it.  
The air is like a draught of wine.  
It is now one-twenty-four in the morning.  
The chill air cuts into these woollens like a million devils  
From afar comes the scent of ham and eggs.  
Home is eight hours away—officers kitchen but eighty feet.  
My feet are wet, and I will have rheumatism  
And the flu before morning.  
But the stars are beautiful. My God, how wondrously beautiful.  
And as bright as May's eyes—and as cold.  
Shall an Orange Star greet me again before sun-up  
The O. D. is trying to catch me napping  
The same old stall.  
Oh—H—!

★ ★

Cohen—"What are you taking for your cold?"  
Meyer—"Make me an offer."



## LETTERS OF A LIEUTENANT.

Friend Ross:

Well, dammit, they went and ended the war on me. It's just a month since I came here. I guess now it's simply a case of "in again, out again, Finnegan."

You remember I promised to tell you about gas drill. Well, take it from me, gas attacks ended forever when the Hun signed the armistice! And yet on the next day they got us all into line and the old one-two-three practice started again. The work was like a post-mortem except that a post-mortem is useful. But the discipline and drill count and I for one, have attained a lot of respect for a real line and a company of trained men.

Our chief amusement down here outside of swapping yarns is "Black Jack"—we used to call it "stud." Just for the fun of being in it, I took a hand the other night and on the first deal got kings back to back. Wasn't that like they are in Europe today? I played the situation for all it was worth, and the kings stood up. Wasn't that different from kings in Europe today?

I suppose my chance to get across is off since I'm not especially fit for any kind of plastic or reconstruction work. Most of us anticipate a lot of physical examinations and then "home, sweet home." In the meantime, since the war is over a lot of the boys have sent for their wives to come down—going to give them a war end outing. The harem is mostly located in the Hotel Stratton. Some amusing incidents occur on account of the differences in rank between the lady lieutenantesses, captainesses and on up. But ain't that just like the women? Here in camp we're all equal—just scholars.

Ross, they have two mottoes down here and I'm going to print them out for you and when I get home I'm going to have them fixed up to hang over my desk. If we all got nothing else out of this these two would make it worth while.

Keep your eyes peeled.

Keep your lips sealed.

Can you beat that for a doctor?

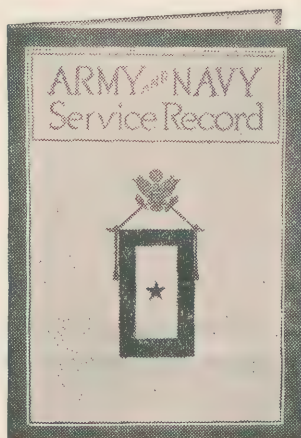
Do it well! Do it now! Do it cheerfully!

Ever since I got here I've been hustling right along those lines and it's rumored I may get an appointment that carries a promotion with it. Wouldn't that be great? I'll say so!

Yours,

FISHER MORSE.

Ambitious 1st Lieut., M. C., U. S. A.



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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The O. D. chanced to pass a dejected looking private who was evidently going to proceed without the customary salute. Provoked, the officer called out:

"Hey you! How about that salute?"

"I can't salute you, sir. I'm a prisoner, sir."

"A prisoner? Where's your guard?"

"I don't know, sir. That's who I'm looking for."

Captain—Well, orderly, how's your memory today?

Orderly—It's wonderful, sir; I can remember the last time I was paid.

Officer (inspecting quarters)—You have a bath of course.

Sergeant—Oh, yes, sir; but thank goodness we've never had to use it yet.



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PACK SQUARE

## HIS FIRST LESSON.

*Characters*

Corp. "Spider" Jones: Formerly a city hospital orderly who knows (?) all about the "yuman anatomy" and at present on duty in the morgue.

Private Obediah Binks: A recruit from Boston and just assigned to duty in the morgue.

*Place:* Army Hospital Morgue.

*Time:* A few minutes after an autopsy.

Corp. Jones: (to Binks)—"Well, cum on Obediah, lets get busy before the body snatcher gets here.

Binks: (rather nervous looking)—"The what?"

Corp. Jones: "The body snatcher—the undertaker (pause). "Gee you don't know nuthin do yer?"

Binks: "No, not about this horrid business. I just left school to enlist."

Jones: "Oh, piffle-cakes (sneeringly) 'this horrid business.' Cum here (point to slab on which body lies) I'll learn yer more in ten minutes than yer school'd show yer in a century. I wuz like yer when I started in this business but look at me today. Now this is a good chance to learn sum of this dope. The body has about two hundred bones includin' them whats in the can."

Binks: (again displaying ignorance)—"Your who?"

Jones: "Yer can—yer head. Gee, wake up, will yer and pay attention? Now back of yer can the bone is called the 'occipital' and on the side is the 'sphenoid' and this is the—the—well, thats not important as the viscera, yer know the stuff thats inside the body, only its outside now on account of the autopsy. (Points to the intestine). Now this is the alimentary canal. Yer see everything yer eat goes to yer stomach—I suppose yer know dat much, but its got to have some way of gettin' there and thats what the alimentary canal is for. (Pointing). Them the kidneys. The doctors will tell yer that they only hold about three pints, but I know for a fact that mine held eight and ten pints many a night when I was home. Now the intestines is about thoity feet long only its all twisted up like that so the grub will do the hula-hula and get digested, otherwise it would run thru yer so fast ye'd think yer weren't gettin' nuthin.' Say, by the way, O-b-e-di-ah, what are youse studyin' in school?"

Binks: "Me? Oh, I was in my last year at Medical College."

Jones: (In dismay) "Yer wuz? Then what the h—— did yer ask me to learn yer for?" *Curtain.*

—A.R.G.



## FABLES BY SARDIS

(With Apologies to Aesop).

A farmer had an ox and a mule that he worked together to a plow. One night, after several days of continuous plowing, and after the ox and mule had been stabled and provendered for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been workin' pretty hard, let's play off sick tomorrow and lie here in the stalls all day."

"You can if you want to," returned the mule, "but I believe I'll go to work."

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox played off sick; the farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went forth with the mule to plow.

All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes and gently swished his tail.

That night when the mule came in, the ox asked how they got along plowing alone all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and—"

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" interrupted the ox.

"No," replied the mule.

"Well, then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play off again tomorrow; it was certainly fine lying here all day and resting."

"That's up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow."

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox asked him how they had gotten along without him.

"About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say to you about me?" again inquired the ox.

"No," replied the mule, "not to me, but he did have a damn long talk with the butcher on the way home."

*Moral:* The world—and its people—love a genial fakir—yet never overstep the bounds and rub it in. Lie down on the job if you must—but don't let 'em chop your head off.

★ ★

Paddy said to Heinie: "You ought to know better than to pick on me. Why, me father killed nineteen Germans."

# Barbee-Clark

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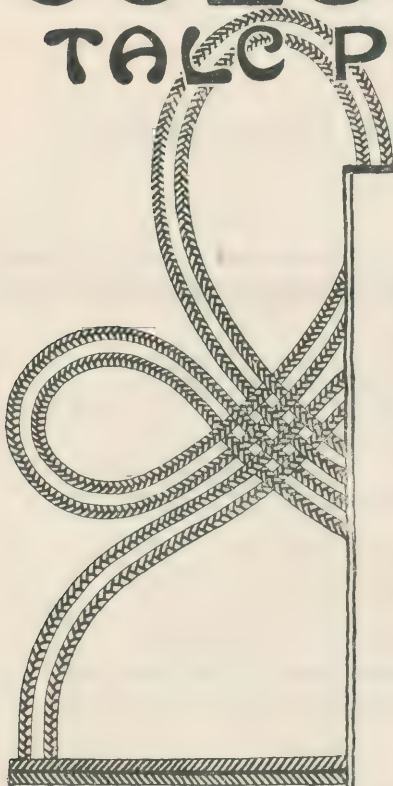
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- After the shave or bath, Colgate's Talc is so refreshing.
- After all, the man in the service needs Colgate's Talc shaken into his boots to make feet more comfortable.



(Continued from page 2)

If that could be given incipient cases, fully one-half of our deaths could be prevented. Do you realize that of all the young people who die between the ages of twenty and thirty, one-half die of consumption? From twenty to thirty is the active age and you should know it. There may be other causes for some of these deaths but the vast majority die either because they are ignorant and stubborn and insist upon doing as they please, or, because they have never had the advantage of scientific advice and treatment. Let me say here that if you disobey the advice of the scientist whom the government has selected with the greatest care for your good, you will probably die and it will be your own fault.

But it will not be your own affair because you will bring great trouble and misery to those who love you most. Stop and think! Have you the right to do this? Are you selfish and inconsiderate? You have a good home to go to! Yes, so have I, but I love my family too much to impose myself upon their generous and luxurious home. But I know also that even in Asheville with a large expenditure of money each week, I cannot receive such care and instruction as you are receiving in Oteen.

Do you know what you are receiving? One patient told me that he received nothing, that he had been here almost two months and had received no medicine, that he was spending his own money to buy medicine and that if his doctor found out that he was taking it or even had it in his possession, he would throw it away and punish him. I enquired what he took and found that it was a slow-acting chemical poison gotten up as a cure by some quack to make money. It sells because it makes the patient feel good for the moment but it is known to be a poison and the wonder is, not that the officer would throw it out, but that the government did not prohibit its sale, as it did require its labeling. "Acetanilid" was printed plainly upon the label and the poor fool did not realize that by taking it he was throwing away his otherwise good chance of life.

Why did the doctor not give him medicine? This question was asked by another patient. I tried to explain to him that medicine was only valuable in certain conditions, that too much medicine was usually given, that it did great harm when not used sparingly and intelligently, but I had no influence with him. He was young, ignorant and conceited and was sure that I

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had some ulterior motive in trying to convince him that his officer was wiser than himself. Yes, I found many men who did listen and had believed what their officer said. These were the better educated, more steady, more thoughtful and usually younger men.

What does taking the cure mean? Why are scientific men necessary if you are to take no medicine, Who are these scientific men of whom I speak? What do these scientific men do for you? Taking the cure means securing the greatest amount of rest, fresh air and good food that you can assimilate. That which you can assimilate means all that will do you good and not harm. Rest at the wrong time is as harmful as too much or too little food. Fresh air can be tolerated by some better than by others. And certainly good food is not always that which you would buy at the Post Exchange.

The scientific men are in every ward. Your Uncle Sam has seen to it that your officers are as fine a scientific body of men as have ever been brought together in one institution and every one is especially trained for the special work to which he has been assigned. They are necessary because each patient must be personally studied and the amount of work and rest and food and fresh air must be carefully prescribed. Thus, they seldom prescribe medicine but they do prescribe the kind of ward you must be in and how you should act when in that ward. And frequently this is resented and the officer accused of being mean. Constantly they are classifying the patients as to their needs, separating the men into the various classes of those able to go home, those able to work and be trained under observation, and those who must be treated so that later they may progress to work and training.

How do these officers determine what is good for a patient? Or upon what knowledge do they prescribe their rest and work and select them for their class? They have the sputum examined and when necessary the blood. They X-ray your chest and they examine you and keep track of your temperature and pulse and respiration. Your eyes, ears, nose, throat and teeth are examined. This seems easy and when I explained that especially trained scientists are at the beck and call of the tuberculosis experts, who are your ward surgeons, some of the patients even laughed and jeered. "God forgive them, they know not what they do." Little do they realize that the government has sent here men with years

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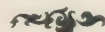
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## RESOLVE

To Make This Store Your Shopping  
Headquarters in 1919

*Bon Marche*

(Continued from page 19)

of experience in tuberculosis, to do the work which in most hospitals is done by medical students in their fourth year or at most the first year after they have graduated. The opportunity to be instructed and treated and cared for by men with national reputations was not appreciated because it was not known. Your officers have been too modest. Their skill is beyond the command of money, it is only given at the call of patriotism. But it is your chance.

The laboratories and the reconstruction work are so wonderful that they demand another paper. I hope to tell you what I found there also. The surgical department is another wonder. It includes the dental department, the eye, the ear, the nose and throat departments and these are also fit subjects for special papers. Then the wonderful staff of good nurses whom most of you love must be placed high in your list of blessings.

Now, finally, if you will realize that these professional men and women have given up great work in civil life, where they held eminent and lucrative positions, to come here and administer to you because you had nobly offered to serve your country too, you would be appreciative and grateful. This would make you happy and contented and you could successfully take the cure and soon go home with safety to your loved ones, not as a burden and ashamed, but as their breadwinner, a proud, self-reliant American citizen who had done his duty in sickness and in health and who will then be able to live long, and long serve his fellowmen.

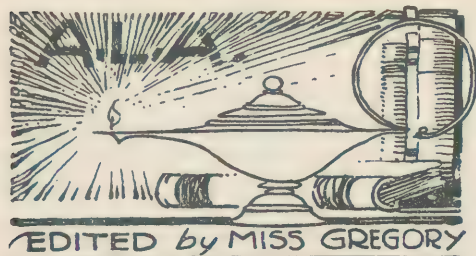
May the New Year bring each and every one of you health and happiness and may your new resolution be "I take the cure like a soldier."

★ ★

### THIRTY YEARS AGO

Ladies wore bustles.  
There were no crowded subways.  
Nobody swatted the fly.  
Operations were rare.  
Nobody had appendicitis.  
Nobody wore white shoes.  
Cream was 5 cents a pint and beer ten.  
Cantaloupes were muskmelons.  
The girls enjoyed walking.  
Milk was a favorite drink.  
Advertisers did not tell the truth.  
The barber did not have a summer home.  
Nobody cared for the price of gasoline.  
The butcher was an honest man.  
Non-coms were non-coms.  
Thirty years ago.





### THE LIBRARY—THE LURE OF THE LAND

Good food, good air, quiet, health, freedom from worry, the consciousness of doing a work that is vital not only to the United States but to the whole world looking to us for food—these are but part of the farmer's "income."

Dr. Wiley tells all about it in his book, "The Lure of the Land"; and Bailey's "Principles of Agriculture" is a good book from which to learn about the laws of science that make a successful farmer.

The application of business principles to farming are thoroughly explained in Warren's "Farm Management," a book that is useful to every farmer, and one that will especially appeal to the business man who is going into farming.

Soils, crops and animals, are the important factors in farming; however, though, business principles are necessary for success. Books like "Soils," by Lyon, Fippin and Buckman; Van Slyke's "Fertilizers and Crops"; Plumb's "Types and Breeds of Farm Animals"; and "Feeds and Feeding," by Henry and Morrison, are practical for study.

What you raise will depend considerably on the location. Here are a few books that suggest possibilities: "The Corn Crops," by Montgomery; "Productive Orcharding," by Sears; Washburn's "Productive Dairy-fing."

Even if a man has only a small plot of land, books like Corbett's "Garden Farming"; and "Productive Poultry Husbandry," by Lewis, will help feed the family and some of the neighbors.

And there are books on simplified farm work, farm machinery, tractors, irrigation, farm buildings, marketing, cattle, bee keeping, fruit and flower growing, and other special subjects that may interest you.

Ask for these books and for others on any line of work that interests you, at the hospital library, or at your public library when you get back home. Library service is free.

## NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

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## STRAND THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday

*Bryant Washburn in "The Way of Man and Maid"*

Wednesday and Thursday

*Lillian Gish in "The Hope Chest"*

Friday and Saturday

*Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover"*

1881

1919

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LADIES' SUITS—\$40.00, now \$28.75; \$36.00, now \$24.75; \$30.00, now \$20.00; \$25.00, now \$17.75.

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION;  
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8 BILTMORE AVENUE

*"Just a Whisper off the Square"*

## MUSIC

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are able to announce that the band instruments are arriving. The clarinets are here and practicing on them is already under way. The horns, cornets, trumpets, altos, baritones, trombones and tubas will soon be here. That means that the band will soon be at work. Just now we are endeavoring to find a suitable place to keep the instruments. The Red Cross building is ideal because it is centrally located and our good friends there are doing the best they can to make room for them. The "Y" has a room that we can possibly make use of.

Each man who is assigned to work in the band must realize from the start that he has got to put in some good hard conscientious work. Many of us have had little or no experience. Those who do know their instruments are going to give a willing hand to assist and tutor the less skillful. It has been impossible thus far to find a definite place for each man to practice. As one man put it, "If I make noises like that in my barracks I would never be able to dodge the bricks and old shoes that would be thrown at me." We do want to plead tolerance for the strange noises that will come to our ears. We promise that no ones ear drums will be ruptured, and if any man cannot find a place somewhere on the reservation where he can practice we promise that we will find one for him. The first rehearsals will be held in the detachment mess hall, time and date to be announced later.

Through the generosity of Captain J. B. Griggs who gave us a check for twenty-five dollars, beginners band books for each instrument, and a fine collection of easy marches, etc., as well as a number of scores of orchestra music have been bought and are already here. We want to take this opportunity to thank him for his generosity and to assure him that we are going to show our appreciation of it by making good use of his gift to us.

We regret the recent sickness of Miss Wetmore our secretary of hospital ward music. We miss her coming out to us and we miss the ones whom she has been bringing with her and who were giving so generously of their time and talent. We hope that she will have a speedy recovery and be back with us in the near future.



## Y. M. C. A. OPENING.

The Y. M. C. A. had an informal opening of their new building which was fittingly decorated for the holiday occasion by the Baracas and Philathea societies, headed by Mrs. N. Buckner.

The building which is very neat and cosy, was filled with the enlisted men, officers, nurses and patients to capacity.

Dr. Jackson began the proceedings by introducing Chaplain Prentice who offered a short prayer. After which a quartet composed of the Misses McRae and Burns and Messrs. Carr and Curtis, with Mr. McRae playing the violin offered the Xmas carol, "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," their voices blending and rendering the song very effectively.

"Hungarian Fantasia," as played by flute and piano accompaniment by Mr. Emil Medicus and Miss Marguerite Smathers respectively, brought applause from the big gathering.

Mrs. Burns then rendered "The Birthday of the King."

Next was the popular Mrs. Kellogg in one of her character readings which so many of us have enjoyed time and time again as she gave them in the different wards.

Another hit was scored by Mr. and Mrs. Medicus assisted at the piano by Miss M. Smathers. Mr. Medicus played the flute obligato to the rendering of "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," by Mrs. Medicus.

Miss Evelyn Glenn sang an appropriate selection and gave a half dozen choruses for good measure.

Dr. Jackson, director of the Y. M. C. A. activities at Oteen, spoke in the highest terms of appreciation of the contractors, workers and all those who made it possible for the "Y" building to be completed for Christmas.

The doctor then introduced no other than Old Santa himself who got a big ovation and laugh on saying he had about twenty discharges for the boys, but as he stopped at Camp Greene first they had cleaned him out, yet he promised he would be around in a week with more.

After Santa had given out the various gifts assisted by the young ladies, refreshments were served, to all. It must be said that all enjoyed themselves to the utmost and had a very merry and happy Xmas. Eve, and they are thankful to all those who helped to make it such a splendid and eventful evening.

—T. S.

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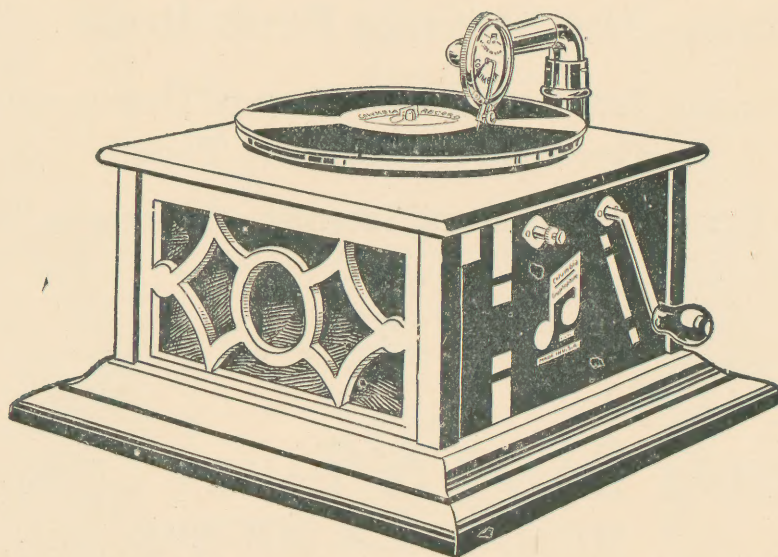
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# RANK

Making the world safe for democracy made it unsafe for *hereditary* rank. Making it unsafe for hereditary rank made it safe for *earned* rank.

Earning one's rank in the coming era is a fighting man's Job of the highest degree. It will require a fighting spirit to earn the rank of a successful man—and not a little strategy. If you have this spirit, you can learn the strategy from that well known text-book of success—the Savings Bank Book.

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